

THE WEEKLY WORLD

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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Vanity of Vanities.

In the old days, when people went to the play to see acting and the modern views of realism on the stage had not commenced to put out, the ideas of extravagant costume which now seem to run riot had no place in the thoughts of actors, managers or public. It is true that John Rich, who had Covent Garden Theatre, London, during last century, was in advance of his time in that he spent large sums in mounting plays with regard to their spectacular magnificence; but even he would never have dreamed of clothing say a stage king in more than cotton velvet robes, topped with a tinsel crown. The public were satisfied and asked no more. Effect was wanted, and if it could be obtained with cheap material nobody expected more. This economy led often to most ingenious devices for obtaining effect at small cost. The real thing does not always look so well as the imitation. An instance of this occurred some years ago when *Les Cloches de Corneville* was put on the stage in England. The costumes were those of the last century, embroidered coats and long waistcoats of flowery patterns, an exceedingly showy and handsome style of dress. The manner in which the piece was costumed for the stage was most effective, and from the auditorium, notwithstanding the strong lime-lights, it was impossible to say whether the dresses were the finest old-fashioned silk embroidery or not. They certainly had the effect of it. A close inspection behind the scenes revealed these splendid coats to be made of well calendered chintzes, worth something like a dime a yard. This was legitimate, ingenious, pretty, and accomplished all that was desired. Would it have been sense on the part of a manager to pay two hundred dollars each for dresses when if any difference of effect there were, it was in favor of the imitation? With lime-lights, calcium lights and electric lights fiercely glaring upon the stage, there has also grown up an idea that the dresses of actors must bear the closest scrutiny. The stage monarch of to-day must have fine velvet, and it is a wonder almost that less than a real gold crown and jewels will do.

What folly this! Will it be believed, for instance, that quite recently in costuming an opera, to be produced for the purposes of a charity, the directors spent the whole funds set aside for the production of the opera in buying fancy satin costumes in which to strut and fret their little hour, one lady who was to appear in a travelling dress putting the committee to an expense of \$100 for that garment! Imagine such a sum taken out of a charity fund for a travelling dress in which to exhibit a pretty figure for an hour! *Vanitas vanitatem!* Where does the charity come in? Yet this is not the freak of a particular set of amateurs nor a passing whim. It is a common practice in mounting plays, especially society plays, to spend vast sums for dresses. Is this art or is it folly? Is not the alleged decline of the modern drama and the ever-increasing difficulties managers find in supporting the burden of theatrical speculation partly due to this unabrided luxury of vain pomp? To-day it is not always a question whether a play is good or not, whether it is artistic, eloquent or moral, but whether Aimee de Quelquechose will look splendid in blush-colored silk and whether she will draw or not? If yea, forthwith the town is flooded with portraits of Aimee de Quelquechose in *The Soiled Dove*. The silk hats and dog collars go to see her—the forty-ninth day is reached—a souvenir photo of *The Soiled Dove* is a matter of course, and with a great flourish of trumpets we are told that the modern drama has had one more added to the long list of triumphal Say, rather, the long list of the rotteness at its core; one more reason supplied to clerical bigotry to denounce and point the finger of scorn at a noble art and a bright and generous profession; one more reason to make the judicious grieve. There is one comfort with these and similar errors pervading the dramatic profession. In time they become their own Nemesis and work their own cure. All managers who seek to score a success vie with one other in lavish expenditure till at last the point is reached where there is no prospect of profitable return, and then there comes a reaction. The sooner this reaction arrives the better and the sooner there will be a return to the true principle of the drama: the representation of human thoughts, feelings, passions and action with the adjuncts of proper costumes and harmonious scenery. When the costumes or scenery become the principal or absorbing attraction of a play, or when the beauty of an actress is allowed to eclipse the beauty of her

acting, the fruit has been abandoned for the husk—a lifeless corpse of clay has been chosen for the living soul of art.

Extravaganza—Burlesque—Burletta.

Mistress Malaprop has put it on imperishable record that "nothing so becomes a lady as the nice confusion of epitaphs," and the dramatic world has adopted the saying literally. The titles of pieces are truly confusion worse confounded. We know what is meant by tragedy, comedy and drama; but there are heaps of intermediate things called by all manner of names. There is comedy-drama, farcical-comedy, and, above all, burlesque, all of which titles have no more relation to the things supposed to be denominated than the pictures outside a dime museum have to the realities or shams within. Especially is this true of what is called burlesque. Now-a-days that title is applied to a mass of buffoonery studded with

bouffes are neither more nor less than burlettas. Extravaganza used to be applied to pieces in which all the rules of probability and possibility were set aside; where the fancy of the author roved at will among giants, elves, witches, wizards, demons and fays. Such were Planche's exquisite versions of the Perrault and D'Aoïs fairy tales. The Invisible Prince, Fortunio and Beauty and the Beast are examples of this style of entertainment. The *feeries* of these presented in Paris belong to the same class. So do the opening to English pantomimes and our own spectacular plays, such as *The Black Crook*. It is absurd to call Adonis a burlesque. It is an extravaganza crammed with specialties as a Thanksgiving turkey is crammed with truffles—or chestnuts, as the means of the owner or author may permit. The extravaganza of Planche's time had always a bright, witty, sparkling dialogue, full of fun and apt allusion.

They are not dramatic enough to aspire to the widely possible class, extravaganza, and they are not musical enough to be entitled burlettas. Perhaps kaleidoscopes might fit that case, for truly their scenes and incidents are chosen by chance, and more nearly resemble the patchwork formed by the accidental mingling of the bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope than the orderly sequence that should go to carry out a dramatic idea, be it never so trifling.

The Functions of the Stage.

Forty years ago there was a kind of craze among English-speaking people for what was called instruction and amusement combined. The ultra goody-goodies—all praise to them for their worthy motives—wanted to make the millennium come before its time and convert the primeval tax of labor into a daily joy. They invented Mechanics' Institutes, and

The promoters did not care a rap for the establishment of the Mechanics' Institutes, they aimed at it as a means of instruction. That was all. The more laughable and ridiculous the better, to be conveyed, as the motto of the day was, "to shock the world." The motto was not "to humanize the world," "to make the world a better place to live in," "to bring the world into a state of order and peace," "to make the world more calm and sober," but "to shock the world." The motto was to shock the world, to bring the world into a state of disorder, to make the world more calmer and more calm. That was all. The motto was very well as far as it went, but it did not seem to be necessary to make the world into a state of disorder. The motto was to shock the world, to bring the world into a state of disorder, to make the world more calm and more calm. That was all. The motto was very well as far as it went, but it did not seem to be necessary to make the world into a state of disorder. 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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

At the Theatres.

An English company rather suddenly set off from the boards of the State Theatre on Friday night; and it was a much better company than the audience had expected to see. The first and second performances of Gillette's "Private Secretary" were given. The audience was fair to say, although a good deal of paper slipped into the seats. Many professionals who had never seen the comedy were present, and altogether it was an intelligent audience that appreciated all the subtleties of Gillette's banter, and the absurdity of his situations.

George Hope, a young amateur, said to be of wealthy connections, assumed the role of Chevalier Hill in a capital manner. In fact, he was successful in bearding the metropolitan lion. As the love-smitten but inconstant young man, he provoked constant laughter, and his efforts—which were rather quiet than boisterous—met with well-deserved applause. But his work does not deserve unqualified praise. His utterance is at times a little too loud, making some of the words indistinct. Then, again, he frequently allows his sentences to die off in a squeak. The earnestness of the actor made up for a slight lack of the element of comedy. Agnes Herndon was excellent as Belinda Treherne. She is more youthful than most of her predecessors in the part, and is a handsome Belinda. She withstood the test of the "tart" scene, and carried the audience with her in an effervescence of laughter. She, too, did not always deliver her lines with the proper emphasis and inflection to bring out their full meaning. At times her voice was held in her throat with a gulping effect that was not very pleasant. This is all well enough when deftly done in the mock action of semi-mystery; but in quiet passages it is far from being effective. The actress' conception of the part, taken all in all, was clever, and her shapely figure was adored in three elegant costumes. Henry Mathews' "Belaway" deserves praise. The part is rather thankless, but the actor handled it skillfully. When John Mathews appeared as Uncle Symerson the greeting was rather boisterous, partaking somewhat of the nature of a "grand guy"; but the gentleman's dignity brooked this unseemliness not for a moment—it soon subsided. No makeup can disguise Mr. Mathews' strong personality. The well-known habitude of the dancer was recognized in every action. However, his known manner well suited the part, and the audience let him know that they were "with him" at every opportunity. Angus McAllister, the weeping Scotch ladie, was well played by an actor whose name appeared upon the programme as Punch Robertson. Addie Cummings' Maggie McFarlane was a clever bit of work, and did not lack for ripples of laughter from the audience. Ethel Douglas' make-up as Miss McFarlane was so ugly as to win her very little favor. The Scotch dialect of these three last-named was rather varied. The play was very neatly staged. Next week Mary Anderson opens a "farewell" engagement.

Mr. Gillette's edition of *The Private Secretary* is being presented at the People's Theatre this week. The farce is in the main brightly and amusingly played, and it goes with a pretty constant accompaniment of laughter. Mr. Gillette plays the Secretary very differently from Mr. Thornton, the creator of the part in this country. He is more boisterous and exuberant and his work generally is less artistic. Nevertheless, the characterization is funny in its way and the public seem to like it about as well as Mr. Thornton's clever delineation.

M. A. Kennedy is the Cattermole, and a capital representation it is, abounding in irresistibility, bimboism and the other chow-chow peculiarities of the old East Indian. Frank Tashill, Jr., is the wild and wayward Douglass and Herbert Ayling his accomplice. Harry Maryland, Maud Haslam and Helen Corinne are pretty, graceful and vivacious as Alice and Eva, respectively. Fanny Addison makes all that is possible of the spinner. Miss Ashford as Alice Sherwood depicts the typical English landlady with fidelity. Next week Murray and Murphy appear here in *Our Irish Village*.

Milton Nobles began a week's engagement at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday in *Love and Law*, the popular comedy in which the talented author and actor has met gratifying success. His O'Paff in this drama is a delightful comedy characterization, replete with humor of the breeziest, healthiest kind, and not wanting in the more substantial qualities of sentiment and heroism. Mr. Nobles has a firm hold on the public favor. His reputation was made by honest and legitimate work—the sort which always brings its reward in the long run. He is volatile, magnetic and keenly alive to the possibilities of effective writing and acting. Dolly Nobles is seen once more as Rita, the Italian girl, a role she plays admirably. Isabel Waldron, Florence Vinton and Mary Davenport lend excellent support, and Frank Aiken, George Barnum and Max Fehmann likewise contribute to the roundness and efficiency of the cast. Mr. Nobles always surrounds himself with a good company, and in this he is wise in his generation. The Phoenix is to fill out the week. On Monday next Blanche Curtiss, the much advertised beauty, will make her appearance here in *Only a Farmer's Daughter*. Her style is said to be new and attractive, while her youth and comeliness have also created a notable impression.

Joseph Murphy drew a large audience to the Grand Opera House on Monday night, when he appeared once more in his stand-by, *Kerry Gow*. The *Kiralfy's Black Crook* is the attraction secured for next week.

The Wallack company was greeted by a large house at Niblo's Garden on Monday, when they presented *The Guy'nor* and *A Happy Pair* with felicitous results. Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Elton, Miss Robe and Mine. Ponson scored as usual in the farce, while the comedians were nicely played by Miss Robe and Mr. Bellow.

We, Us & Co., at the Windsor, is playing to large business. Mr. Mastayer and Miss Vaughn together with their company, give the entertainment with the usual liveliness and apparent earnestness of the nonsense they themselves create.

Adelaide has not hit the public fancy in despite of the efforts of the management of the Grand Opera House to improve it and make it a success. The final performances will be given

on Saturday night and next week the theatre will be occupied by Thashes, Primrose and West's Minstrels. That organization will remain there until Audran's latest opera, *The Bridal Ring*, is ready for production.

Some changes are to be made in the cast of *Prince Karl at the Mademoiselle Square* on Monday next, and a few alterations are to be made in the text. The piece is expected to run a fortnight longer.

At the Standard *A Tin Soldier* has entered upon a career of unbound prosperity. The piece is very, very funny, and the audience salutes it with almost continuous laughter.

One of Our Girls is approaching the end of its successful run at the Lyceum Theatre. Miss Dauvray is having a neat souvenir prepared to commemorate the last performance.

Dan'l Sully's *Corner Grocery* is repeating the old success at Tony Pastor's Theatre. The house is filled tightly.

The Musical Mirror.

Erminie, the latest importation from London, and produced at the Casino on Monday night, possesses at least the advantage of having a comprehensible story and a certain amount of character in its cast. The dialogue, too, is easy and flowing, and, strange to say, not larded with crack-jaw puns. The principal weight of the piece rests on the shoulders of Messrs. Wilson and Dabo, who as Cadeaux (Jacques Strop) and Ravennes (Robert Macaire) made a good deal of fun. Francis Wilson evidently knew how to act his part (Cadeaux), and in the acting to be comical; but his dialect was very faulty and his voice far too heavy for the Cockney gomme—for Cockney to the core is Cadeaux, notwithstanding his Gallic origin and name. Pauline Hall looked ravishing, acted well and sang tolerably as Erminie. Mario Manola was very nice as Cerise, Jenie Weatherby quaint and comical as the Princesse de Grampont and Agnes Folsom bright, pretty and natural as the sourette, Javotte, singing her song in the second act so archly and well as to be enthusiastically recalled. Harry Pepper made a hit in his song as Eugene, in which he showed a good school of singing and a sound, clear tenor voice. Max Freeman had a dull part as the Chevalier de Brabazon, but by his careful acting managed to infuse some character into it. The chorus was excellent, both in voice, appearance and acting, and the band, under Jesse Williams, was, as usual, beyond criticism. The piece was admirably put on the stage; costumes, properties and business being all of the best; consequently, as is generally the case at the Casino, the operetta was carried through to the satisfaction of the audience—all save that misplaced and indecent verse in which the name of a private lady was used disgracefully. Although business was great at many of the other houses he held his own. A set to between Fritz and Thomas Goldfinger (William Leary) proved especially taking. The Lena of this company, little Mamie Liveney, is a precocious little tot.

Carrie Turner seems to have made a lasting impression on the patrons of the Criterion whenever she appears there the attendance is sure to be at least good. The latter was the case last Monday, when she played the part of Armande Chandon, in *Leed Astray*, another of Boucicault's plays. She acquitted herself creditably, and, besides abundant applause, received a large basket of flowers. Frank Losee, as Rudolph, was successful, and Robert C. Hilliard, as De L'Esparre, did about the best acting he ever did with a professional company. The cast as a whole was very strong, and included Jennie Williams, Josie Bailey, Mrs. Sol Smith and H. W. Montgomery.

The Australian Novelty company were in the Grand Opera House in *The Grip* to a three-quarter house. The cast was practically the same as when the piece was given here early in the season. They gave a very smooth performance of the play, which succeeded better than Old Lavender, as far as enthusiasm among the audience is concerned. Harrigan was not called before the curtain, but he received a greeting of the warmest kind, generally.

J. K. Emmet and his Fritz in Ireland held the boards at Miner's Theatre. The inimitable Joe, perennial notwithstanding many alleged lapsi, is always a source of considerable delight to Brooklyn women and children, and although business was great at many of the other houses he held his own. A set to between Fritz and Thomas Goldfinger (William Leary) proved especially taking. The Lena of this company, little Mamie Liveney, is a precocious little tot.

At the Union Square Theatre Pepita keeps on to full houses. The Fan chorus has made a decided impression, and Lillian Russell's beautiful singing and capital fiddle-playing are received nightly with delight. Fred Solomon on the muzette and clarinet, and the very pretty music has caught fast hold of the public ear. So far English comic opera has but two worthy exponents—Sullivan and Solomon. But Sullivan has the advantage of working on good books, while Solomon has been handicapped by just the contrary. Except Billie Taylor, he has never had even a tolerable text to write for.

Koster and Bial give a very pleasing show with their revived *Ixion*; or, *The Man at the Wheel*, which is an elaboration of Burnand's extravaganza, which is an adaptation of Lord Beaconsfield's version of the ancient fable, and which, in its present form, is very acceptable to large audiences every night.

Brooklyn Amusements.

No less than four of Boucicault's plays were produced in Brooklyn last Monday night, with the author himself in one of them, *The Jilt*, at the Park Theatre. The Long Strike was the selection at the Novelty Theatre. It was particularly well adapted to catch the attention of the people of the Eastern District, as it was in their section of the city that one of the most exciting strikes of the present period of labor agitation took place very recently. Dramas on the subject of the never-ending struggle between the workingman and his employer are seldom strong drawing cards, even where the art's-selves themselves are most agitated in their fight for bread. But in this instance Boucicault's well-known play found favor in the eyes of very large numbers, and that fact, and the evident approbation of the spectators, proved unmistakably the wisdom of Messrs. Theall and Williams in making it their selection for this week. J. C. Padgett, Rose Osborne and Maurice Flynn were among the most successful in the cast, especially the two last named. The slightest favorable allusion to the condition of workingmen by Noah Learoyd (Flynn) was tremendously applauded. Calls before the curtain were numerous.

Only a Farmer's Daughter was the play at the People's Theatre. The house was well filled, and Blanche Curtiss, advertised as a Vassar beauty, and really a very beautiful woman, was received with a great deal of favor, as was the supporting company. The patrons of this house are not enthusiastic in their appreciation of the quieter kind of dramas, but it was noticed that they warmed up considerably

to the performance of *Only a Farmer's Daughter*.

The Jilt, at the Park Theatre, achieved the most pronounced success of all. The theatre was crowded, and the enthusiasm ran high, every member of the company receiving calls before the curtain. Bijou Heron came in for a very large share of the applause. Boucicault was not permitted for several minutes to proceed with his part when he first appeared on the stage. The audience seemed inclined to applaud him indefinitely. The company was an evenly balanced one. Henry Miller played the character of the Baronet, and did it capitally, while his wife, Bijou Heron, made a distinct hit as Phyllis Welter, the brave little horse woman. Louise Thordyke is steadily improving, not that she was ever bad in the part of Kitty, but it is now an exceedingly dashing and charming performance. Helen Bancroft was a trifling stiff; somewhat conscious. Mrs. Mary Barker's Mrs. Welter is a choice bit of character-acting, and one almost bears the murmurs of the paddock when she and Bijou Heron and Fritz William (Geoffrey) describe an imaginary race in the third act. It took the house by storm. F. M. Burbeck, Mrs. M. A. Penoyer, John P. Sutton, Frank Wright and Donald Robertson were also in the cast, and acquitted themselves capitally.

Arrah-na-Pogue was another of Boucicault's plays seen in the city. Charles A. Stevenson was Shaun. The attendance was good; but a very indifferent representation of the drama was given. Mr. Stevenson gave considerable satisfaction, but it was almost impossible to dissociate him with his former appearances at the same house in *Sea of Ice* and other plays.

The whole affair looked like a makeshift to catch the popular fancy, which was supposed to be extremely Boucicaultian, on account of the extensive attention which The Jilt seemed to be drawing from the public. Our Country Girl had been first selected for the engagement. The wisdom of the change was not apparent.

Edward Harrigan opened his second week at the Grand Opera House in *The Grip* to a three-quarter house. The cast was practically the same as when the piece was given here early in the season. They gave a very smooth performance of the play, which succeeded better than Old Lavender, as far as enthusiasm among the audience is concerned. Harrigan was not called before the curtain, but he received a greeting of the warmest kind, generally.

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A. C. Gunter's *Two Nights in Rome* was the play in the Grand Museum, with good business. An Uncle Tom's Cabin party drew a fair crowd at the Standard. The People's Theatre is being turned over to T. H. Winnett and Louis M. Frey, his partner, for next season.

Manager Knowles, of the Grand Opera House, states that Manager M. W. Hanley informs him that Harrigan's receipts at the Grand last week were larger than they ever were any one week in any former year in any other house in Brooklyn.

Edwin Knowles played Couramont in *A Scrap of Paper*, 5th, for the Amaranth Society (amateurs).

Loie Fuller, of the Our Irish Visitors company, made a hit last week at Miner's Theatre. She did not play at the Saturday matinee, but during the other part of the week she was very well remembered by the audience in the matter of applause and bouquets.

A benefit was given on the 7th at the Brooklyn Theatre to the widow of Kenward Philip. It was principally organized by John P. Smith, and was a decided success. The performance was much appreciated, and the receipts from all sources amounted to nearly \$1,500. Less than \$100 was taken at the box office of the theatre. Mr. Smith made a speech and advised everybody to refuse if they were ever asked to help get up a benefit.

H. M. Pitt is talked of as about to produce a new play in Brooklyn. Negotiations are pending with the Park Theatre for the week of the 31st, or with the Grand Opera House for the week of June 7.

Henry E. Walton is also looking for a date for a new Irish play written by himself. He was asked the first \$1,500 at the Park, which broke off all negotiations.

The Criterion Theatre was closed on the 4th and for the rest of that week. Business had been wretched for a week with Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* by a very amateurish company. On the 3d the company demanded their salary, but it was not forthcoming, and at 8 p. m. on the 4th they refused to go on. Business Manager Frank L. Bixby announced this state of affairs from the stage and dismissed the audience. He stated that Robert Grau, the manager of the company, had decamped with the previous week's receipts. John Templeton, who owned the costumes, offered to forego his claim for rent of the same, and the Criterion manager offered to give the company fifty per cent. of all receipts taken; but it was stated the members would not accede, especially the chorus, to that proposition. The chorus numbered twelve all told.

Professional Doings.

George Zebold has retired from Lotin's executive staff.

Charles F. Tingay will return to Europe to spend the Summer.

William Hasketh has been engaged by Mine. Modjeska for next season.

Mary Myers goes with Robson and Crane for the remainder of the season.

Marcus Meyer goes to Europe shortly to look after the Bernhard tour.

David Hayes, manager of Mine. Janish, will leave for Europe on May 23.

Mastayer's *We, Us & Co.* closes season at the Windsor at the end of this week.

—Helen Rand has been engaged to replace Edna Carew in *Shadows of a Great City*.

Robert Griffin Morris is writing a new play for Barry and Fay entitled *Bagpipes*.

—Harry Sewell will have the business management of Mrs. D. P. Bowes next season.

—Anthony Reiff has been engaged as musical director of the Carleton Opera company.

—John G. Magie is re-engaged for next season as business manager of *Alone* in London.

—Sosman and Landis, of Chicago, will paint the scenery for *Chalet's Bijou* Theatre, Pittsburg.

—Sol Smith Russell closed a forty weeks' season last Saturday night. It was very profitable.

—Berrie Jarrett and his wife (Bertie Fisch) will sail for Europe on July 7 for a trip of the Continent.

—Richard Golden left the city on Tuesday night for Kansas City, where he has been engaged to play in opera.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen will remain abroad indefinitely. Well, they are foreigners and can do as they please.

—Robert B. Mantell will open his starring season in his new play, *Tangled Lives*, at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on Sept. 13.

—The New York School of Acting will probably take larger quarters next year. Franklin S. Sargent is on the lookout for a hall.

—The ballad entitled "The Tender Grace," words by J. M. Hill and music by Ed. Solomon, has been published by Brentano.

—Henry W. Talbot, the new lessee of English's Opera House, Indianapolis, was formerly a dramatic correspondent in that city.

—Emmy Meffert, the charming little soprano of the Thalia Theatre, and Fritz Kugelberg, of the same company, sail for Europe on May 20.

—Genevieve Ward opens her season in this city at the Star Theatre on Oct. 4. Two weeks of Lawrence Barrett's time has been secured.

—Charles L. Barton has been re-engaged as treasurer of the Silver King company, the season of which opens in Hoboken on Sept. 13.

—O'Connor Roach is in negotiation to produce the new play, *Stella*, which he has written for Kate Forsythe, at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

—William Garen, manager of Frances Bishop, and Harry Crandall are negotiating to take *Fun on the Bristol* on the road during the Summer.

—Mile. Carlotta Brianza, the premiere danseuse of the Michael Strogoff organization, sailed for Europe yesterday (Wednesday) on the *Normandie*.

—The regular season of *A Toy Pistol* closed at the People's Theatre last Saturday night, and next season will open at the Grand Opera House on Sept. 13.

—Fred. W. Bert has again obtained possession of the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, and will hereafter run it as a combination house at popular prices.

—Watson and McDowell's *Wrinkles* company will close its season on May 22, Alf. McDowell probably returning to Frances Bishop's *Muggs' Landing* company.

—Carrie Swain plays a four weeks' engagement in San Francisco during the Summer.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Giddy Gusher.

I have an unpleasant suspicion that this number of *THE MIRROR* is going to be, in a certain way, a public calamity. If people get past the front page and are not deterred by surprise and injured feelings from reading *The Gusher*, they may, perhaps, like to know how I came to do it, and how it came to be done.

"In one sad hour," as Elizabeth Barrett Browning puts it, I said I would print my picture in *THE MIRROR*. That was in a malignant mood. A better Christian spirit took possession of me and I did not do it; but from all parts of the country where the *Gusher* wields a gentle influence and is loved, came a demand for the fulfilment of that promise. The Editor showed me a photo of some two-headed curiosity and vowed he would publish it to meet the wants of a great people. I had faith enough in myself to believe I could do something better, and I made an engagement with Falk.

Many of you know Falk as a patient, cheerful, successful artist. He seemed to recognize the difficulty before him, and asked me to get round as early as half-past seven in the morning, as the light was not strong enough after three in the afternoon, and he'd like almost eight hours to cope with this formidable undertaking.

"No man is a hero to his valet." No woman is a heroine to her photographer. I would be sorry to have Mr. Falk furnish the sketch to accompany his picture of me. He would accuse me of being the most unpleasing subject he ever tackled. I find the most excruciating torture accompanies the graceful pose of the photo. My artist undertook to get a front view of my noble features and my spinal column at the same time; by the aid of iron and steel instruments he skewered me in position, training cracklings in my shoulders and sudden creakings in my neck, but broke up his efforts before I was broke up myself. As beads such as bedewed the brow of Ugolino burst from my intellectual topknot, the artist rushed to his machine and viewed me upside down with great satisfaction.

"I'm not pleased with the west side of your nose," said he.

"I never was," returned I.

"Put a pleasant look in your left eye," said he.

"I can't," said I, "because dislocation of the clavicle has occurred on that side."

"Move a little to the right," said he.

"I can't," said I. "At this moment my left ventricle is impaled on my sternum, and my pet floating rib has rounded on itself in such a way that I feel about as comfortable as a plank shad."

This seemed to suit him, for he begged me to keep still, as this picture would be a success. I did that, I kept as still as I ever did. The plate showed us a monstrosity. Two pretty fair eyes appeared on my face, but in the middle was a materialized fist.

"Is this a spirit picture?" I asked.

"Whose duke is that about to give me a face?"

"That," explained Mr. Falk, "is your nose. You waved your nose; let us try again."

Twenty minutes more preparation, and when the right degree of physical torture appeared on my countenance, out came the slide. The nose was all right this time, but a fearful accident seemed to have happened. The side of my head was traversed by a wide and dreadful canal.

"I can't account for this," murmured Mr. Falk.

"Perhaps it was because I looked around to see the cat," suggested I. Sure enough, the frightened gash had been made that way.

"You don't look as pleasant as I'd like to see you," said the patient artist. "Perhaps if Mr. Rosenfeld would come up and ring a bell and jump round I could take a more cheerful expression."

Mr. Rosenfeld expressed his willingness to lend any assistance in his power, but said he should have to stop down stairs awhile, as the husband of a ballet-girl had just been in to say that in consequence of Falk's refusal to give the ballet-girl a couple of hundred pictures, he (the husband) was going to mop up the floor with him. "He's gone now for a few friends, but may be back soon," said the gentleman as he turned to a snub nosed young man in a check coat who followed up stairs just then.

"Ah, you see," said the new-comer, "I just called to find out why my picture isn't outside. It struck me as singular."

"Certainly," said the bland artist. "Let me see—you are Mr. —?"

"Exactly. Mr. Piccadilly Bond. I am with the Early Rose combination."

"An important member of that company?"

"You must remember me. At the end of the second act I say, all alone, quite by myself, you know, 'Enter all!'"

"Well, we are not putting the 'Enter alls' or the 'We wills' in the show-case this week," responds Mr. Falk, and the young man goes out crushed.

"Ah, that's the expression!" suddenly cries the artist, and out goes the slide.

There was a few moments' suspense, and then we saw another candidate for a dime museum. You all know I am given to chin. I have never felt the need of more cheek than I have. But both these features were so exaggerated on this plate that nothing but the mumps could account for it. An entire division of the face occurred at the mouth, the upper part of the head appearing like a sort of mirage floating above.

Mr. Falk was puzzled.

"I think I must have smiled," said I.

"Well, for mercy's sake, don't smile in the studio again if it comes out that way," faintly replied Mr. Falk.

Just here was a diversion. A maid, two bandboxes, a boy with a steamer trunk and an old woman arrived. She came forward, a veritable Mrs. Skewton—paralytic, painted, trying with all her shaky old faculties to be young and skittish.

"It's no use, Mr. Falk. I've protested, but here I am. The tableaux were such successes. Nothing would do but I must be photographed. It's too ridiculous, isn't it? He, he, he!" uttered the dear old thing.

"What is the character?" gravely asked Mr. Falk.

"Paul and Virginia. Dr. Quackenboss was the Paul. He'll be here presently. But while we're waiting I'll be taken as Undine."

"A special background will be needed, my

dear madam," interposed the artist. "That will be ready Saturday at twelve o'clock."

"But I'm just in the poetic humor this morning—"

"What a pity! But it's impossible. Leave your seaweed and back hair, madam; it will be perfectly safe. How sweet you will be as Undine. I shall quite look forward to Saturday. Keep up the poetic strain, if possible. Good morning—good morning." The gentle man fell up against the closing door.

"One of the horrors of this business is the society old woman who is photographed as Venus rising from the sea, or Undine, swinging over a brook," moaned he. "I tried to fix 'em at first, and told 'em it was necessary to have damp and clinging drapery to take well. We watered one Undine of sixty till she stood in a puddle and the ceiling came down in the room beneath. She sneezed the top of her poor head off; but she never weakened. It's no use trying an impediment; they'll stand anything. Ah, your features are in perfect repose. One moment!"

Out came the slide.

This was a darling. I looked like a raised biscuit. There wasn't a ray of intelligence in the whole face. There was no speculation in the eyes, nor a symptom of enterprise anywhere else.

"Your features seem to be all there," mused the troubled artist.

"I seem to lack spirit, as it were," I said, suggestively.

"Good mercy, how forgetful! Here, Theophilus! Maryland Club and a little cracked ice!"

Exit boy and enter Mr. Rosenfeld with cabinet photo.

"Do you remember whose picture this is?" he asks.

Mr. Falk studied the face of a dark young man, with a Corsair like collar, and hair coming down all over him as the "water comes down from Lodore."

"Never saw the creature before."

"But you must have done so," persisted Mr. Rosenfeld; "the picture was taken here."

"Well, that may be; but I know nothing about it," replies Mr. Falk. "Anyone from the Central Office trying to trace him? He looks as if he might have done it."

"Oh, no; only a young lady—"

Here the door swung noiselessly and a limp and languid girl slid in.

"Mr. Falk" she sighed, "it is absolutely a necessity of my being that I know the name of this man and something of his history—his sad, romantic history."

"You are right, Miss—his sad history." Mr. Falk became the historian in an instant. "This young gentleman was born in Vallambrose of Andalusian parents. To be a mule driver was his destiny; but he defeated destiny by the sheer force of a superior destination."

"I knew it," warbled the girl, bending tenderly over the picture.

"He packed gigs in Naples during one brief Summer," continued Falk, "and gathered recent dates at the Managers' Bureau on Fourteenth street—"

"Then he is a resident of New York?"

"He was here last Fall with chestnuts for Hoyt, Gunter and Morris."

"But now—where is he now?"

"He sings to-night with Mapleson's Royal Opera company at Cos Cob."

"And I stand here while he, perhaps, is rehearsing?"

"Very likely. Trains run on the New Haven and Harlem roads every half hour."

"But his name?"

"He never told his name, but let conjecture, like Daniel Drew, spell it any way it liked."

"Thanks, gentle artist; but I will find the man, breathes he in Cos Cob or in Yucatan."

The girl flitted with these words, leaving a faint odor of chewing-gum and orange-peel behind her.

"We have to tell these women something," explained Mr. Falk. "How many of 'em down stairs now?"

"Eight," says Mr. Rosenfeld. "Four to see Kyrie Belieu, three expecting Kelcey and engaged here this morning, and one for Daboll."

"Mercy! After Daboll as soon as this? Just you read a letter out loud from Belieu that he sends his regrets and can't sit this morning, and shout up the pipe that we needn't fix a plate for Kelcey, as he's gone fishing. I'll go down and disperse Daboll's admirers if they become too numerous." Mr. Falk then said to me:

"You see, our studio is limited, and when the mashed take up too much room we remove the masher's picture from the front of the house to the back."

"A wise and beneficent plan."

"Ah, there's an expression seems quite settled on your features, Miss Gusher. Do let us try and catch it!" cries Mr. Falk.

Out comes the slide.

I describe the expression that conversation had located on my mobile Alabama face? I cannot. A mashed woman is as uninteresting as a mashed potato. The choppy channel lying between Dover and Calais cannot create the nausea for me that the spectacle of a girl hanging round after an actor does. That was a dreadful sick picture; but we gathered 'em all up, and one of those impressions will appear on the front page of this paper to-day I can't say. And I shall be afraid to look.

But if my experience has been the means of hurting any one's feelings, it has also done me some service. I've learned a lot knocking about twenty-four hours in a photographer's studio. Learned much of foolish society vanity and the tricks and manners of dudes and dudesses. Learned much of the sorrow that sits in so many households, seeing so many black robed women weep over pictures the sun has kindly left them of faces shut out from the sun forever. Learned how much the theatrical profession is indebted to the photographer, who builds up their popularity and spreads their fame as much as any agent in the world. And learned that it's utterly impossible to get a good picture of your

GIDDY GUSHER.

Walter Reynolds is to be congratulated on the successful production of his new melodrama, *A Mother's Sin*, recently produced in England. Mr. Reynolds, who was last seen here in *Alone* in London, went abroad a month or so ago expressly to produce this drama.

A Mother's Sin.

Walter Reynolds is to be congratulated on the successful production of his new melodrama, *A Mother's Sin*, recently produced in England. Mr. Reynolds, who was last seen here in *Alone* in London, went abroad a month or so ago expressly to produce this drama.

Most of the preparations had been attended to before his arrival in England. The plot of *A Mother's Sin* is the old story of the final triumph of virtue over villainy, but is very skillfully treated by the author. Pages of English papers, just received, announce the success of the play, and all speak of its thrilling incidents, quick movement in development of plot, striking situations, the admirable manner in which the drama is staged, the strong company playing in it, the pretty and realistic scenery, and then pause to compliment Mr. Reynolds on his work. The young playwright's legion of friends on this side will be pleased to hear of his good fortune. Mr. Reynolds enacts the hero in the play. *A Mother's Sin* will probably be seen in this country next season.

A Pacific Coast Tour.

All west of the Rocky Mountains is called the Pacific Coast. Within recent years Eastern theatrical companies have explored a good deal of new territory in that vast region. Ed. Abraham, at present of Lewis Morrison's party, has made this Coast tour several times, and claims to know the ground pretty well. As a result of his observations, and with the aid of a map, Mr. Abraham gave the following information to *This Mirror*, which will be of interest to many of its readers:

"After playing Denver and the Colorado circuit, the Pacific Coast is before you with a choice of two routes. These are the Denver and Rio Grande and the Union Pacific Railways. On the latter, of which George Ady, at Denver, is the General Passenger Agent, Cheyenne (two nights), Laramie and Rawlins are worth playing. Then comes Ogden, which is not worth much; but there is talk of building a new Opera House. This would probably spur the inhabitants to better patronage of the theatre. At Salt Lake the Mormons must be catered to. Their amusement edifice is the Salt Lake Theatre, managed by Caine and Clawson. But any attraction, good bad or indifferent, playing at this house will be roughly handled by the *Tribune*, the Gentle organ. The Walker Opera House has been the Gentle resort. It has been closed for a long time. Only the very strongest attractions can draw there. It is thought by some that its doors are closed forever.

"Taking the Rio Grande route, of which S. K. Hooper is the General Passenger Agent, at Denver, the beautiful town of Colorado Springs is the first stand. It has a fine new opera house, and is good for business. The Denver and Rio Grande is a narrow-gauge road, and mortal pen cannot describe the grandeur of the scenery along its route. Pueblo, directly south of the Springs, is another good town. If there is plenty of time, Canon City, Salida and Gunnison may be visited. None of them is worth much. A night is lost to reach Springville or Provo—first bed, last fair. There is a pretty little opera house at Provo. Then Salt Lake and Ogden, before referred to. Here the Central Pacific, now under control of the Southern Pacific Co., connects with the Rio Grande and Union Pacific Railways. Another night is lost, and a change of cars is made at Palisade to reach Eureka, Nev.—hardly worth visiting on account of railroad fare. Back to Palisade, and then to Reno. Play at the Nevada Theatre, managed by John Wilson. A fair business is generally done. Now take the Virginia and Truckee Railroad, consulting D. A. Bender, General Passenger Agent at Carson. Carson and Virginia City both have fine theatres. John Piper, of the latter, books for both. Fares on this stretch of railroad are exorbitant, and companies are compelled to return to Reno and lose another night. Sacramento is reached the next morning, and here the Pacific Coast proper begins. The city has two houses, the Metropolitan Theatre, managed by J. D. Simmons, and the new Cluny Opera House, managed by Chenevert and Wilkins. The latter is a prominent scenic artist on the Coast. The Cluny is the place to play. The newspapers here are well conducted and the hotels are excellent. Near Sacramento are Marysville and Woodland—good towns. Oakland, across the bay from Frisco, is good for three nights for some attractions. It has a big barn of a theatre, managed by Charles E. Bent, and the prices are uniform for everything—twenty-five and fifty cents. San Francisco, the metropolis of the Coast, needs no introduction. Companies can go South either from Sacramento or San Francisco to Los Angeles. Trains meet at Lathrop, a place not worth playing. Fares are high to Los Angeles. McLane and Lehman manage Childs' Opera House there. It is an elegant temple of amusement. Companies with a repertoire of two or more plays or operas can play Los Angeles a week. It is a garden spot, and the hotels give the best of fare and other accommodations. Must 'double-back' by rail if it is desired to play Fresno, Merced and Modesto. Each will yield a fair house. Stockton has the new Avon Theatre, where two nights may be played. San Jose is also good for two nights. The elegant new California Theatre there is managed by Charles Miller. It is a very pretty town, a few miles south of Frisco; but the hotels are not of the same class.

"Going north from San Francisco, companies generally take the fine steamers of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Co. These steamers leave every five days for Astoria and Portland. It takes from two and a half to three days to reach the last-named city. Goodall, Perkins and Co. are the agents to consult in San Francisco. John B. Hayes attends to the interests of the Ore. Nav. and R. R. Co. at Portland. Steamers stop at Astoria, a hundred miles from Portland. It has very fair theatre accommodations, and is worth playing one night. Vancouver may be played before going into Portland. The Newmarket Theatre at Portland is managed by J. P. Howe, a trustworthy man and hard worker. The city is good for a week with a repertoire, and has fine theatres and hotels. The Casino is devoted to comic opera the greater part of the year. On leaving Portland, going North, do not stop at Olympia; it is not good for theatrical business. Tacoma is fair for one night. Seattle has a magnificent theatre—Frye's Opera House—managed by George K. Beede, in whom implicit trust may be placed. These towns are in Washington Territory, and are in the Puget Sound, managed by the Dredge. The Dredge is a good place to play for a week. The Victoria Theatre there is a gem. There is much refinement among the people of Victoria, and full-dress is seen at all performances. English war-vessels are always stationed near by, the officers lending color to fashion at the theatre. The Dredge Hotel is one of the finest on this continent. A line of steamers runs from Victoria and Seattle to

San Francisco. Victoria is good for from two to four nights, according to the attraction. Anything meritorious can play to the capacity of the theatre.

"Return is made direct from Victoria to Portland, and Oregon City, Salem, Baker City and Pendleton may be played—all from bad to very bad. In going East over the Northern Pacific consult A. D. Charleston, General Passenger Agent, Portland. J. P. Howe plays companies in the following towns on the route: The Dalles, Ore., and Walla Walla, Dayton and Spokane Falls, W. Ter. A night is lost, and then John T. McGuire takes up companies at Missoula. His circuit covers Missoula, Butte City (his headquarters) Helena, Billings, Miles City and Glendive. Butte City and Helena are good for from three nights to a week, according to attraction and repertoire. Remember that people in this region do not wear red shirts and slouch hats or carry bowie-knives. Nor are they gullible to more than the ordinary degree. Most of the theatres are excellent in accommodations, and business runs from fair to good.

"At Mandan, Dak., the travelling manager is once more upon his own resources. Bismarck is four miles East; it is a fair to good town. Jamestown is the same, and has a very neat opera house. Valley City is just about work playing, if there is time. Fargo is next reached, and here the road branches, by way of Grand Forks and Emerson, to Winnipeg. Across the river, at Moorhead, the road branches to Minneapolis by way either of Fargo Falls or Brainerd."

Professional Doings.

"The Devil's Auction will shortly close a forty weeks' season.

"Wil. Lackaye is at liberty for the Spring and Summer season.

"The season at Henck's Opera House, Cincinnati, closes May 22.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

very many more will fall victims. They are pointed out the wrecks that mark the course, but convinced otherwise that they will be able to avoid the snags and courts, braving the overhanging alluvium and finally, triumph, reach the harbor of Stellar Home, where to reap the reward that shall come to them in the form of glory to be derived in seeing their names in the type, upon flaming posters and brilliant streamers, and the financial profit that it is generally supposed comes to the successful star. Miss Mar has already been honored to the extent of having a Mississippi river steamboat named for her, and her name is not unknown to the inhabitants of river towns. She has given readings in Boston with considerable success, and I hope she will succeed in her new field.

BALTIMORE.

The advent of the American Opera co. marks an era in the musical history of the city. It has presented to us works that are to stand as a seal of magnificence before which any and all the performances we have ever had have come into insignificance. *Orpheus and Eurydice*, *Lakme*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Marriage of Jeanette*, and *Sylvia* constituted the repertoire during the engagement at the Academy of Music last week, and each one of these works was given with an *ensemble* that was perfect. Nothing like the scene in the *Inferno* in the second act of *Orpheus* has ever been seen, and the stage mechanism in *The Flying Dutchman* never to be seen again. The lulling, dreamy music, the oriental language that pervaded everything about *Lakme*, as well as its scenic splendor, will make its production a pleasant memory to all who were fortunate enough to have seen it. We are so accustomed to see in a chorus of grand opera reliefs of an age that has gone, and to hear voices that were fresh when the century was young, that the bright, pretty faces of the girls, young voices of the choruses, the Americans Opera co. was a treat. Besides this, they dressed richly and appropriately and disclosed skins-honored semi-circle: moved around and charted vivaciously, and acted as if they were beings of flesh and blood. It is hard to speak of any of the principals without speaking of all of them; their work, though well done, was but a part of the magnificent whole. And yet it is difficult to refer to the performances at all without mentioning *Orpheus*. *Marriage* was rendered of the trying role of *Orpheus* was something remarkable, a pure, rich voice and her artistic method made the three hours during which she held the stage seem too short. Financially the season was not what it should have been, which speaks very badly for the people of Baltimore. It is characteristic of our public, however, to want amusements for about one-half what it costs in other cities, and nothing can be held at the Academy on Monday afternoons to吸引 the public.

The *Cyclorama* of the Battle of Gettysburg still continues to attract large crowds, and the excursion business on that account is very large. The persons interested in the scheme to build a permanent building are mostly railway men.

Songs *World* on the New Br. Grand Theatre is rapidly progressing. John L. Ashton has been engaged to take the part of *Gideon* Bloodgood, the director of Streets of New York for rest of season. He acts all part very creditably.—The Detroit English Opera co. will produce the *fairy opera*, *Isolante*, 12th, 13th and 14th.—*Shadows of a Green City* will be presented by Charles Jefferson and co. Thursday evening, 13th.—On 14th Gilmore's Band will give a concert.—W. H. Powers' *Summer* *Co.* met for rehearsal. The season opens 15th with *The Drum-Major's Daughter*. If it meets with the approval of the public, it is proposed to give *Martin*, *Provost*, *Faust*, *Sonnambula* and other operas of the same kind during the Summer. The regular season closed Saturday night. This week the *Opera* will be closed.

The third and last week of Bristol's *Equescurriculum* at Ford's Opera House closed on Saturday night. The engagement was quite successful, the houses throughout being large. On Monday night Alice Harrison opened for the week in *Home*, a well-filled house. Next, *Karnival*, *Georgia Minstrels*, a well-filled house. The week of the *Summer* the *Minstrels* a well-filled house.

The Mikado, at the Monumental Theatre last week, was a mild production, but sufficiently strong to draw fair-sized houses. *Blanche Corelli* made a kitchen *Yan-Yum* and Ed. Connell a fair *Poor-Bah*. The rest of the co., with the exception of *Pitti-Sing*, was fair from refreshing. This week *Olivette* is announced.

At Harris' Masonic Temple Museum Laura Dainty started in the *Co.* with a big matinee on Monday afternoon. The *Bill* for the week is *A Mountain Pink*. Next, *Colleen Mawson*.

Sweet Violets! I wish to thank Mr. Jones and Mr. Tobi, of the American Opera co., for courtesies extended to the representative of *THE MIRROR* during the engagement at the Academy last week. It was generally remarked at the *Journalism* Club last week that the treatment the press had received from these gentlemen were unusually cordial. *Scene* presented at *Baltimore Sun* on Friday, and Saturday was something very dismal. The audience sat with umbrellas raised and the performers came out to do their acts in gossamers and gum-boots. The rain poured through the canvas in streams and the entire auditorium was coated with about three inches of mud, and this was not improved by 16,000 people tramping around in it. One of the jockeys had his leg broken by a fall. He was carried to the University Hospital and was carried rapidly. H. E. Abell was in the city on Friday.—D. M. Bristol, one of the proprietors of the *Equescurriculum*, which has been showing at Ford's Opera House the past three weeks, filed a bill in the United States Court on Saturday against D. H. Craig, his co-partner, to set aside an agreement or co-partnership, and to restrain Craig from in any manner interfering with the business. The bill was filed on Saturday, and Craig agreed to pay \$6,000 for a half interest in Bristol's *Equescurriculum*, and \$2,000 to be paid in one month from date of agreement and \$400 monthly thereafter until all was paid, but that Craig has failed to pay anything whatever on the agreement. Judge Bond passed an order setting the 30th for a hearing for preliminary injunction.—Harry Conaway has booked the American Opera co. twice next season in the early Fall and in the Spring.—Coming up in a week's time, *Out of the Woods*, an overture, a comedy between a society couple regarding the opera. They were both so sorry they could not go, but it came to town at the wrong time. Just after Mrs. What's-her-name's ball. It would be well if Mr. Locks would arrange with Mrs. W. before he comes again; it would be a pity for him to conflict with her.—Ida Bell (id) Smith one of the original members of the *Dixie Adonis* co., is at home here visiting relatives and bidding good-bye to her friends, prior to her sailing with the *Adonis* co. for London on Wednesday.—Mrs. Thaurer was in town last week the guest of Harrison Garrett.

PITTSBURG.

Champed prices had quite a stimulating effect upon business at our two leading theatres during last week, and the attendance at the regular price houses was quite satisfactory. At the Opera House Atkinson's *Pack's* *Bad Boy* played to well-filled houses. On the 10th, Frank J. Frayne comes for a week's stay, and will be followed 17th by Lillian Lewis.

The *Drammer-Boy* of Shiloh held the boards at the *Grand Hotel* and played the week to good business. *Keller*, the magician, was well received.

The Academy played *Frank Jones* and *Alce Monique* in *Si Perkins* to a large week's business. *Cold Day* co. 10th; *Sid*, *C. France*, 17th.

Laura Dainty at *A Mountain Pink* at *Harris'* had a remunerative week's business. *Wilbur Opera* co., 10th, two weeks.

These houses at *Chafe's* Sixth Street *Museum* was good. This house will be closed up after the performance 13th.

Siemens followed in the programme for Professor Whiting's *Festival Concert* 10th. Part first—*Overture* to *William Tell*, *Gernert*, *Saint-Saens* from *Gounod's* *Messe Solemnelle*; *Grand Aria* from *The Creation*; "On Mighty Pens" *Gay* *Sayder*; "I'm a Reamer"; *baud solo* by D. M. Babcock; "Lie Vece Solo Fa"; from "Barber of Seville" *Mme. Blanche Stoddard*; *tenor solo* "Noel"; *Paul Zimmerman* *Concerto*; *Mezzo-Soprano Aria*; "Who Treads the Path of Duty"; D. M. Babcock. Part second—*Haydn's* "Spring" with *Mrs. Barton* as *Jane*, *Paul Zimmerman* as *Lucas*, and *Mrs. Babcock* as *Simon*, with full chorus and orchestra. In this the boy choir will also appear. The *Elsie-Wain* *Mikado* co. has some changes made in its cast. The following is now the correct cast of the co.: *Yum-Yum*, *Mezzo-Soprano*; *Si Perkins*, *Alce Monique*; *Si Alvar*, *Abbott* co.; *Katisha*, *Gertie Madigan*; *Ko-Ko*, *James Louise* (*McCaull* co.); *Mikado*, *John Duff* (*McCaull* co.); *Frank*, *Joseph Vose*; *Poor-Bah*, *T. J. Bryant* (*Abbott* co.); and *Peck-Task*, *Joseph Vose* (*Duff* co.). A week will be played at the *Opera House*, this city, of 31st.—*Jimmy Brady* has been in the city during the past week telling Ed. Starr fairy tales about the *sun* and *water*. *Siemens* Manager John E. Elkin says he will bring him the *tothes* he doesn't.—*Si Perkins*, *Frank Young* new play is one of the best things of the kind ever produced here.—*Will Childs*, the critic of *The Post* has just recovered from a severe illness.—*Perry Landis*, the Chicago scenic artist, was in town last week. He will return to the city for *Chafe's* *Bijou Theatre*.—*Miss Fannie* will make a much-needed rest, the *Laura Dainty* will join her *Mountain Pink* in *Milwaukee*, 13th.—*Frank Park* is still in town as mysterious as ever.—*Frank Young* will close his season in this city, 15th.—*Tom Thumb* was in *Greensburg*, Pa. *St.*—The *World's Minstrels* will play at the *Academy* early in June.—The *Academy* will not close until late in June. *Wilbur* will have an entire new co. for his summer season. The regular principals will be given a rest.—*Dave Grand* *Impresario* will be home in Boston. She has several tempting offers for next season.—*Manchester* and *Jennings* are organizing a new co. for next season.—*Fred Baer* will continue to handle the paste-boarders at the *Opera House* next season.—*Josef Handel* is once more happy. The *Wilburs* are in town.—*Manager Chafe* has been tendered a benefit by his su-

mers friends, to take place at *Library Hall* 10th. Mrs. Sawyer's *pupils*, *Lillian Burkhart* co. and many other attractions have volunteered. Mr. Chafe and Professor Byron King will appear in the cast.—*John Johnson*, scenic artist at the *Academy of Music*, will leave a few days for Mt. Clements, Mich., where to paint for the purpose of painting the new scenery for *Douglas' new play*.—*The Silver* *Summer Park* concerts will begin June 3, and the series includes twelve *Summer-night* concerts.—*Gilmores* *Band* will play here under the management of *Fred Parke*, 20th.

DETROIT.

John T. Raymond had at last secured a play that fits entirely into theatre-going. The veteran actor is not funny, and isn't obliged to be by the character he assumes, but the immense amount of fat that crops out of the strong situations that the comic magistrate gets into himself gives the audience plenty of chance to laugh as *Poasket's* wife, and acts her part to perfection. The *Marie* cast is excellent and very evenly balanced.

Music Hall (F. M. Knapp, manager): *Rag Baby* co. with the finest show printing of any co. that has ever been here this season, and in consequence one of the finest houses in the city. The *Opera House* by the manager, E. V. Hawes, instead of the manager of the *Louis Sylvester* co. The boys received quite a neat little sum.

Items: *Modjeska's* co. close season this week.—T. H. Davis, advocate of *Paragon's* Circus, is in town with his advertising caravan. A slight accident has unfortunately made in my items last week. The benefit mentioned was tendered to the attaché of the *Opera House* by the manager, E. V. Hawes, instead of the manager of the *Louis Sylvester* co. The boys received quite a neat little sum.

SOUTH NORWALK.

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NORWALK.

Music Hall (F. W. Mitchell, manager): *May Adams' Chinese Minstrels*, 3d, to light up of business. Fair satisfaction. The season this house will be late in closing, as a number of attractions are yet booked. It is to be hoped that to the rounds will be in a pair at the foot of the burning building. When you are in an unaccustomed condition, and it is feared had sustained internal injuries, but on examination it was found that his injuries were not serious. He will be out in a short time.

DETROIT.

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WATERBURY.

People's Theatre (Jean Jacques, manager): The only attraction the past week was *Joseph Murphy* and co. in *Shawn Rhue*. The co. house was well filled and the star evoked the amount of enthusiasm.

Items: A party of young people enjoyed Mr. Murphy's hospitality last *Summer*, tendered him a complimentary supper at his hotel during his stay.

MERIDEN.

Meriden Opera House (T. H. Delevan, manager): A fair-sized audience greeted *Modjeska* and her strong co. in *Twelfth Night*, 4th. *Modjeska*, as the gentle *Viola*, fairily took the house by storm and held their applause till the last, receiving calls at the conclusion of the first, second, third and fifth acts. The co. were well received and the audience was well satisfied.

The *People's Theatre* Room, for Rent for the week's attraction, did a fair business. W. H. Right.

DELAWARE.

Grand Opera House (W. H. Williams, manager): The season here closed 6th, when *Joseph Murphy* appeared in *Kerry Gow* to an enormous house. Receipts over \$100.

Items: *John D. Doris'* circus is billed for the 17th. At the close of the performance the other evening manager *Hanna* invited all the employes, together with representatives of the press, to a more intimate gathering to help him celebrate the close of the *Summer* season.

WILMINGTON.

Grand Opera House (J. K. Baylis, manager): *Magie Mitchell* played staggie the *Midget* 6th. *Owing* principally to bad weather the attendance was light. *Blanche Curtiss* appeared in *Only a Farmer's Daughter* for the benefit of the *Knights of Labor* 8th. *Packed* house.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON.

The Flying Dutchman, by the *American Opera* co., the last week of the season, the 10th, *Modjeska*, as the gentle *Viola*, fairily took the house by storm and held their applause till the last, receiving calls at the conclusion of the first, second, third and fifth acts. The co. were well received and the audience was well satisfied.

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WICHITA.

Turner's Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): *Tony Denham's* *Minstrels* on *Friday* evening, 10th, *Modjeska*, as the gentle *Viola*, *Shawn Rhue*, *May Adams' Chinese Minstrels*, *Questa*, the houses were not large, but quite demonstrative, and the star was called before the audience several times. *Miss Haworth* support is quite good.

ATCHISON.

Priest's Opera House (William Campbell, proprietor): *The curtain* was rung up on the over popular *Farce*, *Mr. and Mrs. Knight*, 6th, in their 10th. *Our Gentle Wall*. The co. was well received and the audience was well satisfied. *Miss Castleton* never fails to draw a good house here. The co. closed its season at *Hawkins*, a *Music* 12th.

KANSAS CITY.

Turner's Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): *Tony Denham's* *Minstrels* on *Friday* evening, 10th, *Modjeska*, as the gentle *Viola*, *Shawn Rhue*, *May Adams' Chinese Minstrels*, *Questa*, the houses were not large, but quite demonstrative, and the star was called before the audience several times. *Miss Haworth* support is quite good.

TOPEKA.

Grand Opera House (W. M. Lewis, manager): *The Maid of Orleans* played to packed houses, 6th and 8th, produced *Camille*, *East Lynne* (10th) and *Questa*, the houses were not large, but quite demonstrative, and the star was called before the audience several times. *Miss Haworth* support is quite good.

GEORGIA.

Springer Opera House (Theodora M. Foley, manager): *The Kendall Comedy* co. played to good houses at cheap prices last week. The band attached to the co., conducted by Manager and Mrs. Albright, *Blanche Rand* and others, gave *Othello* 6th for benefit of *Washington Knights of Pythias*. Engaged was presented by *James F. V. Voorhees* and co. *Friday* evening, 13th.—*On 14th* *Modjeska's* *Band* will give a concert.—*W. H. Powers' Summer* *Co.* met for rehearsal. The season opens 15th with *The Drum-Major's Daughter*. If it meets with the approval of the public, it is proposed to give *Martin*, *Provost*, *Faust*, *Sonnambula* and other operas of the same kind during the Summer. The regular season closed Saturday night. This week the *Opera* will be closed.

CALIFORNIA.

Grand Opera House (H. C. Wyatt, manager): *Magie Mitchell* played staggie the *Midget* 6th. *Owing* principally to bad weather the attendance was light. *Blanche Curtiss* appeared in *Only a Farmer's Daughter* for the benefit of the *Knights of Labor* 8th. *Packed* house.

SAVANNAH.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

JOSEPH PROCTOR: Worcester, Pa., 15, 17; Ogdensburg, 18; Cooperstown, N. Y., 19; Gloversville, 21; Ballston, 22; Pittsfield, Mass., 24; North Adams, 25; Exeter, N. H., 26; Ipswich, Mass., 27.

JOHN A. STEVENS: Co. Chicago, 3, two weeks.

JENNIE CALST: Evansville, 10, week; Fremont, O., 21, week.

JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR: Bloomington, Ill., 13, 14, 15.

KENDALL'S DRAMATIC CO.: Augusta, 10, week; Atlanta, 17, week.

KINDERGARDEN CO.: Ossining, N. Y., 10, week; Ithaca, 17, 18, 19.

KIRALY'S SPECTACULAR CO.: N. Y. City, 20, two weeks; Philadelphia, 24, two weeks.

KIRK'S RAY-CATCHER CO.: Cleveland, 20, week; Buffalo, 21, 22; Erie, 22, 23; Hamilton, Ont., 24, 25; Toronto, 26, 27.

KATE FORSYTHE: Chicago, 24, week; Boston, 31, week.

KNOWLES COMEDY CO.: Toledo, 10, week; Fort Wayne, Ind., 17, week.

LAWRENCE BARRETT: San Francisco, 3, four weeks.

LAUREN DAINTY: Baltimore, 10, week.

LESTER WALLACE: N. Y. City, 17, week; Brooklyn, 24.

LEWIS EVANS: Bangor, Me., 13, 14; Skowhegan, 15; Waterville, 17; Togus, 18; Winslow, 19; Rockland, 20; Portland, N. H., 21.

LITTLE NUGGET CO.: Terra Haute, Ind., 13, 14; Vincennes, 15; Evansville, 16, week; Fort Wayne, 24, week.

LILLIE HINTON: Carbondale, 10, week; Hornellsville, 17, week.

LILLIE MAY ULMER: Cleveland, 10, week.

LILLIAN LEWIS: Pittsburgh, 17, week.

LITTLE'S WORLD CO.: Chicago, 17, week.

LOUISA SVARTZER: Detroit, 10, week; Chicago, 17, week; Indianapolis, 24, week.

LOUISA THOMPSON: Chicago, two weeks.

MADISON FOLLY THEATRE CO. (Palmer's): Boston, 3, 10, 17, 24; Chicago, June 7, seven weeks; San Francisco, 16, 17, 18, 19; four weeks.

MARGARET MATHER: Groversville, N. Y., 13; Albany, 14, 15; Ilion, 17; Fulton, 18; Norwich, 19; Oneida, 20; Auburn, 21; Canandaigua, 22; Batavia, 24; Lyons, 25; Oswego, 26; Cortland, 27; Elmira, 28; Binghamton, 29.

MARY ANDERSON: Boston, 3, two weeks; N. Y. City, 12, week.

MR. JOHN DREW: Philadelphia, 10, week.

MILTON NORRIS: N. Y. City, 10, week.

MAYO-NORDICK CO.: Watertown, N. Y., 13; Ogdensburg, 14; Brockville, Can., 15; Belleville, 17, 18; Ottawa, 19 to 22.

MESTAVAH-VAUGHN W. & CO.: N. Y. City, 10, week; Los Angeles, Cal., 11, 12; Cheyenne, Wyo., 14.

M. R. COOK: Grand Island, 13; Cheyenne, Wyo., 14.

KELLAIR: Pittsburgh, 10, week; Cincinnati, 17, week.

PROFESSOR CROCKE'S EQUUS: Beaver Falls, Pa., 13, 14, 15; McKeesport, 17, week; Pittsburgh, 18, week.

TONY FASTER'S CO.: Paterson, N. J., 13; Newark, 24, 25; Yonkers, N. Y., 17; Poughkeepsie, 18; Utica, 19; Syracuse, 20; Buffalo, 21, 22.

MICROSCOPE: Philadelphia, 10, week.

MADE GRANGER CO.: Buffalo, 10, week; Paterson, N. J., 17, week; New Haven, 24, week; Boston, 31, week.

MARY BLOSSOM CO.: Jersey City, 13, 14, 15.

MARJORIE MITCHELL: N. Y. City, 10, week.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE S. KNIGHT: Wichita, Kas., 13.

NEWTON, 14; Dodge City, 15; Denver, 17, week; Colorado Springs, Col., 24; Pueblo, 25; Salida, 26; Leadville, 27, 28, 29.

MATTIE VICKERS: Chicago, 10, three weeks.

MAUDE ATKINSON: Springfield, Ill., 10, week; Decatur, 11, week.

MC'DOON'S UNCLE TOM CO.: Boulder, Col., 13; Fort Collins, 14; Cheyenne, 15.

MURRAY AND MURPHY: Williamsport, Pa., 13; Danville, 14.

Wilkes-Barre, 15; N. Y. City, 17, week.

MOORE-VIVIAN CO.: Washington, 10, week; Norfolk, Va., 17, week; Philadelphia, 24, week; Pittsburgh, 31, week.

NEWTON BRENS CO.: Meadowville, Pa., 13; Erie, 14, 15; Wheeling, W. Va., 17, week.

MONK'S CLAM CO.: Boston, 10, week.

N. S. WOOD: Toronto, 10, week; Albany, 17, week.

OLIVER BYRNE: Rochester, N. Y., 10, week.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER CO. (Blanche Curtiss): Brooklyn, E. D., 10, week; N. Y. City, 17, week.

PEPITA (Lillian Russell): N. Y. City, 10, two weeks; Boston, 24, two weeks.

PAVEREANTS OF PARIS: McPherson, Kas., 13; Florence, 14; Wichita, 15; Winfield, 17; Harper, 18; Anthony, 19; Wichita, 20, 21; Newton, 22.

PRIVATE SECRETARY CO. (W. H. Gillette): N. Y. City, 10, week; Jersey City, 13, 14, 15; Newark, N. J., 20, 21, 22; Brooklyn, 24, week; N. Y. City, 31, week.

PATTI-ROSA: Keokuk, Ia., so.

PECK'S BAD BOY CO.: New York, Pa., 13; Johnstown, 14; Bradford, 15; Tyrone, 17; Williamsport, 18; Sunbury, 19; Plymouth, 20; Scranton, 21.

PHOESA ALMILLER: Woburn, Mass., 10, week.

PAULINE MARSHAM: Richmond, 10, week.

ROSSINA VOKES: N. Y. City, 3, four weeks.

ROSSON AND CRANE: Providence, 10, week; Springfield, Mass., 17, 18; New Haven, 21, 22.

RIGHTMIRE'S CO.: Detroit, 10, week.

ROBERTS: Harrisburg, Pa., 13; Philadelphia, 17, two weeks.

ROBERTSON'S: Hillside, N. Y., 13; Chatham, 24; Bronx, 25.

GREGORY AND MERRITT'S: Detroit, 10, week.

JOHN ROBINSON'S: Patos Rouge, La., 14; Covington, 15; Amite City, 17; Summit, Miss., 18; Brookhaven, 19; Heselton, 20.

KING-BURKE MANAGERS: Mt. Pleasant, 13; Fairfield, 14; Ottumwa, 15; Chariton, 17; Indianola, 18; Des Moines, 19, 22.

MARSHAL HARRIET AND CO.: Detroit, 10, week.

MCNAUL'S WORKERS: Milwaukee, 10, week.

MILLER, OKEE, AND FREEMAN'S: Dayton, O., 13, 14, 15; Toledo, 17, 18, 19; Cleveland, 20, 21, 22; Buffalo, 24, week.

NICK ROBERTS-GARDNER: Brooklyn, 10, week; Fall River, Mass., 18 to 21.

O'BRIEN'S: Harrisburg, Pa., 13; Philadelphia, 17, two weeks.

OLIVE BROS.: City of Mexico, April 1—Indefinite.

PULLMAN AND CO.: Dauphin, N. Y., 13; Bath, 14; Corning, 15; Watkins, 17; Penn Yan, 18; Canandaigua, 19; Seneca Falls, 20; Suspension Bridge, 21.

SHELD'S: Chicago, May 1—Indefinite.

SELLS BROTHERS: Emporia, Kas., 19; Sioux City, Ia., June 1.

MCINTYRE AND HEATH'S: Jersey City, 17, 18, 19; McNICH, JOHNSON AND SLOAN'S: Trenton, N. J., 13; Newark, 14, 15; N. Y. City, 17, week.

T. P. W.: Worcester, Mass., 13; Lynn, 14; Portland, 15.

WILSON AND RANKIN'S: St. Paul, 13, 14, 15; Eau Claire, 16; Marshfield, 17.

WHITEHORN AND CLARK'S: Clare: east, N. H., 13; WORLD'S: Buffalo, 10, week.

VARIETY COMPANIES.

ADAMLESS EDEN CO.: Hamilton, Ont., 13; Brooklyn, 17, week; Boston, 24, week.

AMERICAN NOVELTY CO.: Brooklyn, 10, week; Buffalo, 24, week.

ALICE OATHE: El Cerrito, 10, week.

DAVEN'S: Madison, 13; Milwaukee, 14; Cross, Wis., 13; Madison, 15.

FOUR EMERALDS: Green Bay, Wis., 10, week; Stevens Point, 17, week; Duluth, 24, week.

GRAY-STEVENS CO.: Troy, N. Y., 10, week; Montreal, 17, week.

GRISWOLD'S: New Haven, Ct., 10, week; Newark, N. J., 17, week.

HORNIGOLD'S: WHEELS SPECIALTY CO.: Nashville, 10, week.

JONES-MONTAGUE CO.: Cle夫field, Pa., 13; Philadelphia, 17, week; Huntingdon, 15; Middletown, 17; Coopersburg, 18; Lancaster, 19; Lebanon, 20; Pottsville, 21, 22; Tamaqua, 24.

LEONZO BROTHERS: Cleveland, 10, week; Philadelphia, 17, week; N. Y. City, 17, week.

GUY HILL'S: New Haven, Ct., 10, week; Newark, N. J., 17, week.

LEWIS EVANS: Bangor, Me., 13, 14; Skowhegan, 15; Waterville, 17; Togus, 18; Winslow, 19; Rockland, 20; Portland, N. H., 21.

LITTLE NUGGET CO.: Terra Haute, Ind., 13, 14; Vincennes, 15; Evansville, 16, week; Fort Wayne, 24, week.

LILLIE HINTON: Carbondale, 10, week; Hornellsville, 17, week.

LILLIE MAY ULMER: Cleveland, 10, week.

LILLIAN LEWIS: Pittsburgh, 17, week.

LITTLE'S WORLD CO.: Chicago, 17, week.

LOUISA SVARTZER: Detroit, 10, week; Chicago, 17, week.

LOUISA THOMPSON: Chicago, two weeks.

MADISON FOLLY THEATRE CO. (Palmer's): Boston, 3, 10, 17, 24; Chicago, June 7, seven weeks; San Francisco, 16, 17, 18, 19; four weeks.

MARGARET MATHER: Groversville, N. Y., 13; Albany, 14, 15; Ilion, 17; Fulton, 18; Norwich, 19; Oneida, 20; Auburn, 21; Canandaigua, 22; Batavia, 24; Lyons, 25; Oswego, 26; Cortland, 27; Elmira, 28; Binghamton, 29.

MARY ANDERSON: Boston, 3, two weeks; N. Y. City, 12, week.

MR. JOHN DREW: Philadelphia, 10, week.

MILTON NORRIS: N. Y. City, 10, week.

MAYO-NORDICK CO.: Watertown, N. Y., 13; Ogdensburg, 14; Brockville, Can., 15; Belleville, 17, 18; Ottawa, 19 to 22.

MESTAVAH-VAUGHN W. & CO.: N. Y. City, 10, week; Los Angeles, Cal., 11, 12; Cheyenne, Wyo., 14.

M. R. COOK: Grand Island, 13; Cheyenne, Wyo., 14.

KELLAIR: Pittsburgh, 10, week; Cincinnati, 17, week.

PROFESSOR CROCKE'S EQUUS: Beaver Falls, Pa., 13, 14, 15; McKeesport, 17, week; Pittsburgh, 18, week.

TONY FASTER'S CO.: Paterson, N. J., 13; Newark, 24, 25; Yonkers, N. Y., 17; Poughkeepsie, 18; Utica, 19; Syracuse, 20; Buffalo, 21, 22.

MICROSCOPE: Philadelphia, 10, week.

MADE GRANGER CO.: Buffalo, 10, week; Paterson, N. J., 17, week; New Haven, 24, week; Boston, 31, week.

CIRCUSES.

ADAM FOREPAUGH'S: Elmira, N. Y., 13; Binghamton, 14; Cortland, 15; Syracuse, 17, 18; Auburn, 18; Rome, 19; Utica, 20; Amsterdam, 21; Schenectady, 22; Albany, 23; Troy, 24; Hudson, 25; Rochester, 27; Plattsburgh, 28; Danbury, Ct., 29.

BARNUM'S: Columbus, 13; Zanesville, 15; Lancaster, 16; Circleville, 17; Boston, 25, 26, 27.

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW: Dayton, O., 19, 20; Chicago, 24, two weeks.

COLE'S: Carthage, Mo., 13; Fredonia, Kas., 14; Wichita, 15; Columbus, 17; Girard, 18; Fort Scott, 20; Rich Hill, 21; Paola, 22; Olathe, 23; Kansas City,

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

(SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.)

ROCHESTER, May 11.—Frank Mayo appeared at the Grand last night in Nordeck to a fine house. The general expression was that Mr. Mayo never was seen to better advantage. Kathryn Kidder was very warmly received. At the Academy, Across the Continent is drawing packed houses.

DETROIT, May 12.—The Mapleton Grand Opera company opened to a fair business, Carmen being the opera. The receipts were probably in the neighborhood of \$1,000. Rest of engagement will doubtless draw better. Manon will be produced for the first time in Detroit this evening. Minnie Hank was well received.

LYNN, Mass., May 11.—Bennett and Moulton's Opera company opened in an unusually fine performance of The Mascotte to a crowded house last night.

BOSTON, May 11.—The great Boston Theatre was crowded last night to see Salvini and Booth in Othello. Our Society at the Park, the Carlton Opera company in The Drum Major's Daughter at the Hollis Street Theatre, William Redmond and Mrs. Barry in Adolphe Chalier at the Boston Museum. Mary Anderson in As You Like at the Globe, Vim at the Bijou, Nobody's Claim at the Howard and The Shadow Detective at the Windsor.

TRENTON, N. J., May 11.—Tooy Pastor's company filled the house last night, giving a very good performance.

LIMA, O., May 11.—Corinne opened a week's engagement last night to a crowded house, presenting The Mikado.

OHIO CITY, Pa., May 11.—Only a Woman's Heart was given last night with Newton Beers in the principal character. Audience enthusiastic, calling Mr. Beers and Jessie Storey before the curtain.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, April 29

Chief among our Easter changes was the production at the Globe of The Pickpocket, which is described on the bills as "a new farce comedy." It is not new and it is not a comedy, but it is farcical enough in all conscience. Also, it is adapted from the German of Von Mosen, as was The Private Secretary before it. Whether it will achieve even a small proportion of that deathless work's phenomenal success is up to now a very open question. The Private Secretary, a hopelessly bad piece which at its start looked like fizzling out in a fortnight, eventually—thanks to the clever fooling of Hill and Penley—ran for several hundred nights. As The Pickpocket is almost, if not quite, as bad a piece as its predecessor, there may therefore be some hope for it; but on the other side may be set the fact that Penley, the droll, to whom humors the former success was due, has far fewer opportunities provided him, and might, indeed, be lifted bodily out of what would be the plot—if there were a plot—without in any way interfering with what I suppose we must call the action of the piece.

The Pickpocket is in three acts and four scenes. In the first act there are a jealous husband, a gushing wife, a ditto ingenue, a fat doctor, old hypochondriac, a man-about-town and a spivvy agent. Also a hotel waiter; but he has nothing to do with the story, it is a farce. Wife and agent go to seaside. So does man-about-town, who has fallen in love with ingenue. Husband thinks man-about-town is his wife, and follows in disguise and a towning rug. It is presently borne in upon us that an old fanatic by the name of Johnson is dithering around somewhere, and that Johnson is the name which the jealous husband has assumed in order to escape observation. Of course the husband is mistaken for the madman, and henceforth does his best to act as such. Just as he is about to be disintegrated by the police who have tracked him down, the real fanatic turns up, the husband finds his suspicions groundless, and all is over. As for The Pickpocket, there is no pickpocket. The suspense, for a minute or two suspected the man-about-town of swell-mob propensities, but this was soon cleared up. The Porpoise would have been an equally appropriate title, seeing that most of the fun is sought to be made out of Hill the hypochondriac's fat. But for that matter, Hotchpotch, or Irish Stew, would have served equally well.

Any success this piece may achieve will be due to the acting. Little Penley as the waiter is irresistibly comic. The common or English waiter is an unique mixture of servile familiarity, blustering imbecility and chuckle-headed cheek. His like is not to be found in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth—or indeed anywhere else in England. Penley has hit him off to the life. Hill is an amusing mass of adiposity, but it is time he ceased to fry in his own fat. Penley—a young man whose imitations of Irving were popular, both here and in the States—plays the jealous husband with a grim intensity which is intensely funny. This part was originally intended for Penley, who thought it too absurd and declined. Then they tried Beethoveen Tree, who, having read the script, straightway made other arrangements. Henry was the last choice, and a good choice, too. C. H. Hawtry, as the Man-About-Town, walks through his part with consummate assurance, which is all that is wanted. Mande Millet, the young beauty who has become a photographic celebrity, has left the Globe company, and her place is supplied by Cing Grahame, who is cast for the gushing wife. Miss Grahame is also lovely, but is so unduly conscious of this fact that her affectations bore one. Vane Featherston (the ingenue) is a charming young lady, and plays as well as she looks.

Augustus Harris has revived Human Nature, which he describes as "the dramatic triumph of 1885" at Old Drury. He has also returned to his own boards after a long absence therefrom, and replaces Henry Neville as Captain Temple. Harris is now fat and scant of breath, and is often "inaudible in the gallery." Still, he plays the part quite as well as his predecessor, though it must be confessed that this is not high praise. Robert Pateman now plays the bally and baby farmer, and scores; but not on the whole, so well as did Fred Thorne. Fiske Bateman is better than ever as the perturbed Mrs. Temple. She makes the tears seem as well again.

In order to start his dramatic season with a bang, Mr. Harris has had the National Theatre decorated and garnished. It looks all the more trim for a Spring clean. Charles Harris

has also been redecorated, and at Newmarket yesterday attracted considerable attention.

Lurline, Reece and Farmie's new burlesque at the Avenue, is merry, but there is, at present, far too much of it. The rhymed lines (of which a few crop up here and there when the players cease gagging for awhile) are smart. So are the dresses—what is there of them? I have seldom seen such scanty attire, even on burlesque girls. Some of them are as near naked as the law will allow, and the result is an audience of tooth picking and extensive shirt fronted "maskers." Legline would not have been a bad title for this burlesque, except that most of the legs are massive. The bald-heads of your great nation would vastly enjoy the Avenue show—a show from which ladies—that art ladies—seem to severely stay away. Violet Cameron, who looks quite a picture as Lurline, sings as well as usual and acts something better than she is wont to do. Arthur Roberts is screamingly funny as Sir Rupert the Rapier, of Stonebroke Castle. A great many of his wheezes, however, are evidently borrowed from the *Pinkerton*, otherwise the Sporting Times—hence they often imitate Magwitch and drop into "lowness."

Here are some of the principal theatrical points and gossip of the moment: Charles Warner has definitely settled to go to Drury Lane in the Autumn to play the leading part in the new drama which Pettitt and Harris went to Italy to nail up—at the Gaiety, next Monday. Nellie Farren will play in a new piece for the benefit of Meyerhuz, the musical director, and Phyllis Broughton, a vestal of Sacred Lamp, will dress up as Daudet's Soho and dance something—Willie Edouin, finding that the burlesque of Oliver Grumble fails to attract, proposes closing the Novelty forthwith. He and his marvellously clever wife have worked hard to make this house successful, but it is too much out-of-the-way for the general run of play-goers—Mary, the Child of Misfortune, the tiny mock-melodramatic skit which Edouin, Brough and Alice Atherton play at benefits and matinees, was the best feature at Henry Bracy's matinee at the Gaiety yesterday (Wednesday). The audience yelled with laughter. At this show, Florence Gerard appeared as Nan, in Good for Nothing, and made this cleverly drawn character vulgar in the extreme. She based her rendering on the style of Bessie Bellwood, the "rosty" serio, whose "Whatcher, Ria!" has been such a hit at the music-halls. Strange that Florence, who can be so refined, should fail into such an absurd mistake! and on "her first appearance since her return from America," too—Charles Overton (of your Madison Square Theatre), who lately came to London in search of novelties, has taken back to your city an original and not yet played farcical comedy by Walter Everard and W. Lestocq (actors both); also, Jim, the Penman, and The Great Pink Pearl. The last named ought to score in the States. There is in it an American millionaire who will make you laugh some—Florence St. John (Madame Marius) yesterday made her first appearance in public since the arrival of her baby boy. That baby is said to have cost £1,000, by reason of engagements that it caused to be cancelled.—The Olympic has opened for a week with a version of The Old Curiosity Shop. Nell is played by Miss Frances Delaval, daughter of the late Captain Disney Roebuck. She is supported by the lately "chucked" Imperial Company from our Royal Aquarium.—The "Comedies" will be opened by the Queen next Tuesday.—Violet Cameron will produce Offenbach's comic opera, The Comodore, for the first time in England, at her benefit at the Avenue next Wednesday afternoon.—The Lost Husband, an operetta by Lady Arthur Hill, is to be put on in front of On Change at the Opera Comique to night.—John Stuart Blackie, the humorous Scotch professor, has been putting Sister Mary. He says the play is better than any sermon. Alice Lingard is the chief preacher of this sermon. She plays Mary, as you may remember.—Shelley's Cenci will be played at the Islington Grand next Friday afternoon. All the seats have been already allotted to members and friends of the Shelley Society—which, by the way, seems likely to prosper by this dramatic experiment. Non Shelleysties having now become aware that The Cenci is a revolting and indecent play, the Society—which previously had been severely let alone—has been overwhelmed by applications for membership.

Amateur Notes.

The initial entertainment of the Criterion Dramatic Club of Washington Heights, at the University Club Theatre, last Saturday night, proved to be a performance that many older organizations might have been proud of. Our Boys was given, and the smooth and clever performance of the play was due to the thorough rehearsals directed by the progenitor of the society, Frederick Paulding. The scenery was bright and pretty, the two first acts, showing interiors, being elegantly furnished with costly bric-a-brac and furniture. The honors of the acting can fairly be said to have been divided between Joseph A. Wheelock, as Talbot and Champneys; Charles C. Taylor, as Charles Middlewick, and Mrs. R. Bleeker Rathbone, as Mary Melrose. The latter was piquante and vivacious toward the latter end of the play, although in the first act she appeared rather nervous. The impersonation of the swell, Talbot, by Mr. Wheeck, was a piece of work that a professional would not have sneered at. It was quiet but effective, with a quaint humor running all through it. Both Morris F. Taylor and Frederick E. Camp, as the two fathers, were deserving of much praise. The latter, however, failed to infuse enough humor into his part although the rendition of the retired butlerman was otherwise decidedly clever.

Mrs. Welcome T. Alexander, as Violet Melrose, looked pretty and acted gracefully, her costumes being in splendid taste. Lucy B. Audubon made a beautiful Clarissa Champneys in spite of her efforts to make up old-looking, while her acting was all that could have been desired. As Belinda, Mrs. David Bonner was quaint and laughable. There were few hitches, the waists between the acts being but little longer than ordinary. Before the play

Mr. Paulding won vociferous applause and was presented with a monster basket of roses for a dramatic recitation of Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram" in costume. The proceeds of the performance are to go toward founding a free bed in Manhattan Hospital in memory of the late Dr. Frothingham.

The production of Old Heads and Young Hearts at the Lyceum Theatre by leading amateurs last Wednesday afternoon for the benefit of the Hancock Fund, was most successful both financially and artistically. As a rule the acting was worthy of professionals. Eliza Proctor Otis, a handsome young lady with a charming presence and no evident lack of experience, did full justice to the part of Lady Alice Hawthorne, while her efforts were ably seconded by Messrs. William Addison Clarke and Eugene B. Tilvers as Tom and Littleton Coke respectively. Deane Winthrop Pratt was excellent in the part of Bob, while the Kate Rocket of Pauline Willard was a most delightful impersonation. Louise White made a pretty and graceful Lady Pompon, while the Jesse Rusal of Herman Harriet Gardner, the Lord Pompon of Edward J. Wilkins, the Lord Roebuck of Douglas Montgomery and the Colonel Rocket of Henry Mason were all deserving of praise. The latter, however, was slightly too vociferous at times. Ernest O. Jacobsen and W. Rockwell Chichester made all that was possible out of two small parts. The scenery used was that of the Lyceum Theatre, while the costumes were bright and appropriate. There were but few hitches, the representation going off much smoother than is usually the case, which fact redounds to the credit of George Becks, who acted as stage manager.

H. J. Anderson, of the Bulwer, intends spending the Summer at Delaware Water Gap.

At the last meeting of the League of Amateur Dramatic Societies it was resolved to give the next entertainment on Nov. 15. The Pride of the Market is to be presented, with Mrs. M. E. Butler, of the Bulwer, in the leading female role.

The Bulwer intends paying a visit in a body to the Star Theatre some evening this week, out of compliment to Agnes Herndon, who is playing in Engaged, and who kindly assisted at one of their entertainments recently.

The Garrick held its annual election last Monday. The installation of the new officers takes place next week. In June the Club will give an excursion up the Sound. Following is a list of the members elected: President, John S. Hanson; Vice President, H. Class; Recording Secretary, George Weyer; Financial Secretary, H. Muller; Treasurer, A. L. Baggott; Business Manager, J. L. Peters; Stage Manager, Will Hunt; Assistant Stage Manager, W. White; Editor, Frank Burke; Librarian, L. Hallen; Delegate to Amateur League, Frank Dwyer; Trustees, Messrs. Hanson, Meyer, White, Peters, Hallen, Dwyer.

The Amateur Opera Association of Brooklyn closed its season last (Wednesday) evening at the Academy of Music by a representation of The Musketeers.

T. J. Burton, of the Greenwich, will spend the Summer at the Thousand Islands.

The Children's Charitable Club gave two performances of the fantastic drama of the White Wolf and the domestic drama of Dame Holle last Friday and Saturday afternoons, at the residence of Mrs. George Haven Putnam, for the benefit of the Fresh Air Fund.

The Oxford Club, of Brooklyn, gave a pleasant minstrel performance at its rooms in that city last Saturday evening. Among those who assisted were the Brunswick Quartette, Dave Sexton, Will Lyle, George Wilson, Frank Davis, Ed. Bush, Joseph Boyle, Dr. M. B. Davis, John Smith and Prof. J. K. Conner.

A musical and reception was given at Delmonico's on Saturday evening for the benefit of the Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls. The entertainers included Mrs. Seward, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Danecott, Miss Dare, Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox, Miss Eidlitz, Michael Banner, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Donald De V. Graham, Mrs. Ward, Miss Howard and Mr. Coxe.

St. Peter's Dramatic Association of Brooklyn will shortly produce The Mikado.

The Greenwood Club presents Caste on May 24, with George T. Janvrin as George d'Alroy.

Ella G. Greene will spend the Summer at Black Rock, Conn.

J. C. Costello, the well-known amateur, will go camping out with a party of eight this Summer at Greenwood Lake, N. J.

The Bulwer will close its season by giving a dinner to its lady members some evening next week.

The annual reception drill of the Columbia Institute Cadets will be held to-morrow (Friday) evening at the armory of the Twenty-second Regiment in West Fourteenth street.

An excellent performance of Camille was given at the Brooklyn Athenaeum on Monday evening as a testimonial benefit to Ada Austin.

St. Cecilia's Literary Union presented The Ticket-of-Leave Man to a large audience at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Monday evening.

The Finger of Fate was presented at St. Agnes' Church in West Eighteenth street on Monday and Wednesday evenings for the benefit of the school. Mrs. Potter, Charles Philip Eaton and other well-known amateurs were in the cast.

Harry Doe Parker's Hazel Kirke season closed last Saturday night. Mr. Parker is now engaging a company for the production of Conquest and Pettit's melodrama, Bound to Succeed, at Niblo's Garden on June 7. He says Messrs. Poole and Gilmore have great faith in his success.

William Bush, a playwright of St. Louis, is in the city looking for a market for his dramas, Belle of Naragansett Bay (society), B. Major in C. Flat (farce), Le Parvenu, Our English Cousin (farce-comedy) and Grip of the Sorosis. Mr. Bush is the author of Brother Jonathan, which was successfully produced in London and Paris. He suspects that a garbled version of this comedy is peddled about this country by a "variety team." Mr. Bush will remain in town some weeks.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Future of the Square.

J. M. Hill returned to the city on Sunday last, after an absence of several weeks. He appeared to be in the best of health and spirits. In conversation with a MIRROR man, he said:

"Pepita will be kept on the boards of the Union Square Theatre, where it has been running to splendid business, until May 24, when it will be taken off to fill contract made with the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, where it goes for two weeks, ending its season there. The Union Square Theatre will then be open to whoever wishes to rent it for the Summer. I have already received several offers. The regular season of the house will open on Sept. 1. With what? I have not yet determined, although I think it will most probably be a new play. For next season the house could be most appropriately called the Great Female Star Theatre, for we have Margaret Mather there seven weeks, Fanny Davenport three, Mme. Modjeska eight, Mile. Aimee two and Mme. Rehe three.

"Miss Mather, who will end her season of thirty-six weeks two weeks from next Saturday, or about the end of May, and who has been playing to packed houses ever since she left New York, will play in her regular repertoire at the Union Square next season. She will also probably appear in something new, although I haven't given the matter much thought as yet. As for the Third Avenue Theatre, business has been so good and is so satisfactory there right straight along, that I am thinking of keeping it open all Summer."

Herr Mitterwurzer's English.

A MIRROR reporter recently held a short conversation with Herr Friederich Mitterwurzer, the celebrated German actor, who but a short while ago finished a successful tour of the country. Though here but about six months, Herr Mitterwurzer speaks English excellently—almost without accent. The entire conversation was carried on without any resort to the actor's native tongue.

"I am delighted with America," he said, "and as a consequence I intend paying you a visit again next season. I shall try and come back on the 1st of November. I leave on the *Wieland* on May 20. I can't say what I shall do when I come back, as I have made no arrangements. Negotiations are now going on, but I can't tell how they will end. I have a splendid new idea for a comedy, and I shall get a good author to write it for me. I may be seen in it next season, as well as in some other new plays."

"You speak English very well, for your short stay," said the reporter.

"Do you think so?" replied the actor, delightedly. "I have some idea of appearing in English, but I shall wait a year or so, that I may know the language more perfectly. I don't care about making merely a *succès d'estime*, for I can do better in Germany. If I appear I want to be a big success or nothing at all. So I shall continue my studies, and one of these days I hope to appear in English and to do well."

"I close my season in Philadelphia on May 22," said J. K. Emmet to a MIRROR representative who met him at the St. James the other day, "and sail for England on the 27th, opening my season there in Birmingham on June 28 in *Fritz* in Ireland. I play eight weeks in England, and before returning to this country I produce there the old original *Fritz*, entirely reconstructed by myself. I sail from England on Sept. 2, opening in Buffalo with the old *Fritz*, as it was in that city that I first produced it. I think it is going to be a great success, as I have put in quite a number of entirely new songs and dances."

John W. Ransone, now playing in *Arca*dia, will probably star next season in conjunction with John Hart in the new two-act farcical comedy written by himself entitled *Cat Nip Tea*. Negotiations are now pending by which the piece will be produced in this city during July. The play deals with a retired old actor—which part will be taken by John Hart—who keeps a boarding house and has written a play At a birthday party, which gives opportunities for specialties, a confidence man, who is one of the guests, steals an express package containing a will and considerable money. As a young actor-detective, Mr. Ransone tracks the thief, and has a chance to show his abilities as a protean comedian.

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He is a fine actor—Charleston (W. Va.) Leader. The audience were roused to enthusiasm by his impassioned acting.—N. Y. Sunday Courier.

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